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GAIN OVER JULY.THE WORLD'S
GREAT AUGUST CIRCULATION,
560,655
PER DAY.THE RECORDS OF THE COMBINED
CIRCULATION OF THE NEW YORK
Evening World, or, to be more specific,
in OVER 100,000 MORE THAN THE
COMBINED CIRCULATION OF
THE HERALD, THE TRIBUNE,
THE TIMES, THE EVENING POST,
THE SUN, THE COMMERCIAL ADVER-
TISER AND THE MORNING JOURNAL.Circulation for
August, 1895..... 560,655 per day
August, 1894..... 547,447 per day
August, 1893..... 547,447 per day
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August, 1891..... 547,447 per day
August, 1890..... 547,447 per day
Gains in one year..... 73,234
Gains in four years..... 226,680
Gains in thirteen years..... 536,423Readers of THE EVENING WORLD bearing
in mind the fact that the paper is
now published daily, and that it
would be regularly, addresses changed as
often as desired.

CITIES GROWING BETTER.

"One touch of nature makes the whole
world kin." A fine old proverb, dealing
with a principle of much wider applica-
tion than the mere quoted words seem
to indicate. Cities are apt to think of
"touch of nature" merely as a momen-
tary impulse which leads to an im-
mediate act of heroism, of generosity,
or of sympathy. There is more than
this behind the proverb and its prin-
ciple. There is the idea that every good
and creditable feeling coming straight
from the heart of man spreads its in-
fluence quickly and in broadening
circles among groups of other men.

At the present time there is a health-
ful optimism about. Men are looking at
the best side of things. Because trade
is better and times are better it begins
to be felt that men are also better.
Contentment and prosperity being ac-
cepted rightly as good medicine for
many human ills.

Right in line with this train of feel-
ing comes the declaration of President
Kingsbury, of the American Social
Science Association, that our American
cities are growing better. This is a
most comforting revelation of the ordi-
nary cry that cities are the hotbeds of
iniquity and of the idea too prevalent
in rural regions that they never can be
anything else. Yet Mr. Kingsbury does
not bring news to the cities themselves.
They have long known that they were
growing better. Especially is this true
of New York. The metropolis has been
as steadily marching forward in its
morale as it has in the matter of popu-
lation. Its further progress is so well
assured that not even the Roosevelt
handicap of too much enforced good-
ness can stop it. This is a happy
thought. Let us give it all the con-
fidentious force possible and thus spread
the Better New York idea in useful co-
operation with the better times inspira-
tion.

ST WON'T BE AS HOT AS IT USED TO BE.

The Weather Bureau, which has been
making the heat of summer all the
hotter by telling us just how high the mer-
cury mounted on the most sizzling days,
is now going to calm and soothe us
with statements that will tell us of
our discomfort and prevent our col-
lars from wilting and our clothing from
sticking to us during even the torrid
spells of weather.

Chief Moore explains that his Bureau
will achieve this refreshing result by
announcing the sensible as well as the
air temperature. The sensible tempera-
ture belongs to the human being and is,
Mr. Moore says, six to eight degrees
lower than the air temperature, which
has heretofore been taken and given out.
This promised relief from summer
torors will come a little late, but it may
cause us to look forward to next July
and August with something akin to
pleasure. If now the Weather Bureau
could devise some plan which would re-
duce the winter frigidity so that on a
day when the mercury is six degrees be-
low zero a man whose fur overcoat is
in "hock" wouldn't feel the need of it
the size of the bonnet it confers would be
appreciably enlarged.

OUR GLANTS ARE GETTING LIKE MOST POLI-
TICAL REFORMERS—USING THEIR GRAYEST
WORK WHEN IT CAN HAVE THE LEAST PRACTICAL
RESULT.

William of Germany has been talking
again and again in the same strain, the
only strain that is entirely personal and
peculiar to him. Once more he talks of
"my people" and "my army" and "my
guards," but he finds this time a new
enemy for them to destroy. Before this
he looked of and pointed at them
with a sword. Now he looks of and
points at them with a sword.

Disappointed in his hope be-
cause the other nations cherish peace

as priceless, this restless young man
now tells us that he must soon
have to slip its leash and let it loose on
"his" own people; on the fathers and
brothers and friends of "his" soldiers.
War he must have! If he cannot have
it out of Germany, then in Germany,
but anyhow, war, war.

The best thing for the young man
would be to write de lunatic inquisitor.
The Socialists, he said yesterday,
are a rabble, and if the whole
people would not withstand them
then "I call upon you to resist
the reasonable band, and to wage
a war which will free us from such
elements." The Socialists are fighting with
ideas, and whether right or wrong, cold
steel, nor squadrons, nor gunpowder can
crush ideas. If the German Emperor
would crush Socialism he must fight
with ideas—new, not old ideas—
ridiculous and extreme as some of the
Socialistic theories are they are bound
to triumph over the worn-out props of
autocracy, divine right, personal loyalty
and brute force.

William II. was born too late in a
world that was about three centuries
ahead of him.

WHAT WAS THE ENGINEER'S DUTY?

When Engineer Frank Jensen jumped
from his disabled engine on the Sea
Beach road yesterday and left the
steam-driven monster to do its worst
of destruction and bloodshed further down
the track he failed to reach the heroic
ideal. Whether he also failed in his
duty as a man and an engineer is a
question not to be decided without a full
and fair inquiry and calm deliberation.
He had stayed at his post through one
crash. His only story is that he found
his engine to be so damaged as to be
unmanageable. He knew that an-
other and worse crash was coming, that
he could not prevent it, and that to re-
main where he would be suicide.

The engineer would have risked the
suicide. There were four miles of
clear track ahead. Within the time re-
quired to cover the distance something
might have been done. The throttle
might have been reached, after all. An
alarm might have been sounded by
whistle bell. Somehow, somehow the
people might have been saved.

As was said at the beginning, this
engineer was not a hero. Was he a man
faithful? That is for the investigators
to decide promptly as may be, but with-
out prejudice and not in a spirit of too
keen a condemnation. It is well to
acknowledge that even upon a railroad
such a thing as a real accident is pos-
sible.

PRESTIDIGITATION IN THE ARMY.

An army overcoat that can be con-
verted into a V-shaped tent does not
it used to be called during the late un-
pleasantness—under consideration by
the War Department at Washington.
The Austrian army is supplied with
these coat-tents or tent-coats, which
ever you choose to call them, and it is
said that they have been used in all
the campaigns of the late war. A dozen
of them have been sent to this country
and will be given a trial.

The garment is diamond-shaped when
spread out, and when worn by the sol-
dier folds so as to form a sack coat
which falls behind him. When the
soldier is on a forced march or pocket
duty he can take off his coat and using
his musket and bayonet for a pole con-
vert it into a tent. If a large shelter
is required a number of the coats can
be laced together by the buttonholes.

To make the American soldier
entirely happy something more
than an overcoat that can be prestoed
into a tent will be necessary. If he
could be given a cap that could be
converted into a kettle, a rifle that
could be turned into a frying-pan, a
red necktie that could be cooked into
hamp-jacks and cartridges that would
make good beef tea bouillon, with a few
other convertible accoutrements, he
might go through his term of enlistment
with a light heart and feel that
there were none more satisfied in being a
bold soldier boy.

City Treasurer Kelley, of Brooklyn,
points to consolidation as his city's
refuge from prospective bankruptcy.
But there is a higher motive than a
merely financial one to actuate those
across the bridge who push the cause
of union with New York. This motive
lies in the fact that the people, by their
own free votes, have decreed that the
consolidation shall take place. It is not
for politicians and wire-pullers to in-
terfere with the carrying out of the popu-
lar desire.

Forgery of signatures, wholesale bri-
bery, perjury, malfeasance in office:
These are some of the charges against
a railroad corporation seeking a fran-
chise in Chicago. Nearly always a story
like this where corporations are con-
cerned. The path to every right of
commerce to be a way of wrong.

Engineer Jensen, on the Sea Beach
road, jumped and was safe. Fireman
Preston, on the New York and Green-
wood Lake road, stuck to his post and
was killed. Preston's was the heroic
death. It remains to be decided whether
Jensen discreetly retreated from his
post of selfishly abandoned it.

It will be worth while to-night to
watch Queen Luna flirting with old
Sol over Mother Earth's shoulder. In
other words, with clear skies to favor,
you will find the eclipse of the moon,
beginning at 11 P. M., an interesting
event to watch.

In New York they might content
themselves with stealing an actress's
diamonds in St. Louis they have kid-
naped a whole, live orchestra. Some-
times they do these things more thor-
oughly in the wild, wild West.

In the Better New York which is
steadily on the way there will be seats
for all the children who should be in
school.

Harlem will breathe easier with its
flat robbers in jail. Capt. O'Brien's de-
tectives barged good game that time.

Even under the eyes of his failers,
Minister Holmes has added to his list
of crimes. He has written a book.

The letter-carriers in convention at
Philadelphia ought to get as full a

WHY HIS LOVE GREW COLD.



His wife bought his necktie. Supplied his suspenders. Purchased his collars. Made him eat dishes he didn't like.



Insisted on being musical. Perfumed his handkerchiefs. And, worse than all else, bought him a box of cigars. Then he consulted a lawyer.

THE EVENING WORLD'S GALLERY OF
LIVING PICTURES.

MME. OTHELLE STEPHANIE CARRE.

This is a picture of Street Com-
missioner Waring's private secretary,
who attended to his business and did her
work cleverly and capably, but who lost
her position and several months' pay
on account of the Allen law.

THE GLEANER'S BUDGET.

Gossip Here, a Hint There and True
Tales of City Life.

One Summer girl, when reproached for inno-
cently made a good defense. Said she "Of
course, almost all of these Summer engagements
are broken. That old saying 'Absence makes
the heart grow fonder' is no exception. The French
version of that 'Absence is like a high wind,' puts
out a candle and increases a conflagration," con-
tains the rule and all exceptions to it. Why,
we hardly even get back to the city, and the
little candle, sort of moonlight and sea and sand
and shady walks and most of all, sentiment—are
going out—puff, puff, puff.

In one of the parks, recently, a gentleman was
giving his son a walking lesson. It was in
Mother Goose style, and this is what the little
man was memorizing:
"Lift up your feet, turn out your toes,
Then back your shoulders and breathe your
nose."
The lines contain a goodly amount of instruc-
tion, and can be remembered by most pedestrians
with advantage.

A woman upon contemplation that she has
no wonderful business head that she is constantly
telling her friends how careful and methodical she
is in all her transactions. A few days ago the
woman sent all the forenoon writing important
business letters to New York firms. She addressed
them with her firm name and street address and
the word "city."
She carried them around in her hand for several
days and then went to Brooklyn to see a friend.
Upon her arrival in Brooklyn, she suddenly re-
membered to mail her letters. As they were all
addressed "city," but intended for New York
firms, all the notes were delayed and some have
not reached their destination at this writing.
The woman's friends found out about the occur-
rence and there are still teasing her about her
"business carelessness."

A friend of mine who weighs something over
200 pounds, boarded a Fourth avenue car with
an unlighted cigar in his hand and pleasantly
inquired of the driver: "Can I light up?"
He was much taken back by this reply: "Well, you
look big enough to be able to." The questioner
got off at the next corner and took the next car.
Still thinking deeply and gratefully of the
thymoparaphrase of a language in which a little
weight is able to talk back so heavily upon its
chance abuser.

THE STRAYED REVELLER.

As she flies up the mountain side
The valley is still
With gay companions racing wide
In vain pursuit of him.

In every tangled copse they seem
To see her streaming hair,
And where the wild white lilies gleam,
Her face a lily there.

But laughing, hand to side to still
The beating of her heart,
Tiptoe upon the juncus he frequently sees
She stands, with lips apart.

The ray of past passion, and there falls
A silence in the place;
Again the cuckoo softly calls,
The watchful squirrels race.

Then, like a flash among the trees,
A wind is softly heard,
And like a bat blown down the breeze,
There drops a songless bird.

For one swift moment then she slips
Into the world apart,
The child of mould upon her lips
And shut about her heart.

—J. Frank Tucker, In the Century.

THE RETURN OF THE OYSTER.

I remember, I remember
There was an "it" in every September.
When the very luscious oyster comes again;
Fat with flavor quite delicious,
Succulent and most nutritious.

"The equally enticing, fried or plain;
With a crisp crust and a delicious sauce,
And a lemon wedge to follow.

To my dearest digestion it is a treat;
And if conditions were chosen,
Salt and pepper lend a relief.

To this extremely scarce delicacy
You must take a "baker's dozen."
With your sister or your cousin
(Add about, brown bread and butter,
And I'm sure your thoughts will utter)

Oh, that the month had every one an "it!"
—LAURENCE HANCOCK.

GEMS OF PHILADELPHIA THOUGHT

Patriotic Extravagance.

It is said that the coming yacht race has
already cost an outlay of nearly a million dollars
by American sportsmen. Such a rumor has
been going round, but it also suggests extravagance.
—Philadelphia Record.

They Would:

The Connecticut authorities the other day blazed
out a signal of distress. The Connecticut au-
thorities had sent it to New York some Sunday,
they would have found numerous men who would
have emptied the bottles without charging a
cent.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Good Roads Next.

The horseless carriage is a great invention, for
it will leave both hands and arms at the dis-
posal of the driver who goes out riding with
his best girl. But love's young dream will be
subject to some severe jolts even in a horseless
carriage if the ride is taken over the average
country roads.—Philadelphia Times.

The Oyster and the Joke.

It is not the fact that the oyster is in his
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rection of the oyster joke. It is just a little
staler than its subject as known to Chicago pal-
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OUR WOMAN PHILOSOPHER.

The arrival of the famous Harlan-Hickey
recalls the antics of the Baron Harlan-Hickey,
of the Paris boulevard, who a few years ago set up
as James I. of the little island of Trinidad, now
in dispute between England and Brazil. From
his headquarters in front of a cafe King James I.
established the Order of Trinidad and advertised
for subjects, addressing those who "Fatigues de
dejavu, reherchent des nouvelles sensations."
The Queen Consort of King James I., who is the
newly arrived, is the daughter of Mr. John H.
Flagger.

The friends of Mrs. Wright will be inter-
ested to know that as Mrs. Thomas Power O'Connor
she has been distinguished herself by singing the
anthem at a special church service and was
treated quite as the prima donna of an occasion.
Mrs. Wright was the daughter of Judge Peckah,
of Louisiana, and this is her third matrimonial
experience. Her more noteworthy than her mar-
riages was her brief but spirited engagement with
Mr. William Henry Herbert, which pre-
ceded his own permanent engagement and mar-
riage with Miss Katherine Tracy.

"Della" writes to "The Evening World" to
say that she is a student and good looking; that
she is not a flirt, but nevertheless thinks that
she should not be married. She is a student and
good looking. She is not a flirt, but nevertheless
thinks that she should not be married. She is a
student and good looking. She is not a flirt, but
nevertheless thinks that she should not be married.

The season will be a long one, but it
can have nothing worse in store for us
than the incomparable trash produced at
the Empire Theatre last night under the
title of "The City of Pleasure."

Imagine a big, polly, well-kept Em-
pire audience sitting with imbecile laugh-
ter when it was the intention of the
dramatist that they should be quiet with
subdued excitement or enthusiastic with
the intensity of a half-dozen assorted
emotions. "The City of Pleasure," dub-
bed a drama in reality a farce-mel-
odrama or a farce-drama, an adapta-
tion from the French of Decourcelles
and Tarte, slaughtered into English by
George R. Sims. Sims is a Jonah. He
has drowned before.

The new farce-drama is a tissue of
most hopeless incongruities. No How-
ever, the audience ever expected, the
murder, betrayal, abduction, fights be-
tween women, fights between men, mu-
chid in various stages of agony, loud
yells of "My Gawd!" and the old-
fashioned ranting of Joseph Wheelock
all combined to give us a performance
empty of hold, of sense, of plot, of
the plot! Incoherent, the action
delayed on all occasions, leading
nowhere, absolutely devoid of de-
monstration and teeming with bathos,
the plot excited merriment from
the second act to the end of the play.

Joan Maras, the murderer-heroine, had
"kept house"—as Mrs. Tanqueray would
say—with the beautiful Mlle. de
Hale. He was married, but he skittish-
ly murdered his first wife and was forth-
with sentenced to twenty years beyond
the seas. He had a child, Teresa, by
the murdered wife, and another, Mar-
ion, by Mlle. de Hale. While in
prison the Hale charmer married M.
de Marmont, who had prosecuted
Joan at his trial, and she had a child
by him called Genevieve—or, as every
member of the cast mispronounced it,
"Janovervieve." Such a chaos of chil-
dren! It might be said that I am to say to
myself Jean plus wife equals Teresa,
Jean plus Hale equals Marion; Hale
plus Marmont equals Janovervieve.
Teresa grew up to be naughty and
"kept house" with big Charlie in order
that Marion should grow up good. Of
course, Marion grew up to be a good
heroine. Marion was the only good
nervie, who fell down a precipice and
died, so that Marion could be used in
her stead. Big Charlie fell in love with
Marion, and it was only after fearful
struggles that she was saved from him.

When she was saved from him, she
burst into a loud profane, "God bless
Stanton was whipped up from the
stage, a hood thrown over her face,
and big Charlie, concealed behind a
canvas tree, fled away with her. Not-
withstanding, because so primitive, has
been seen on a metropolitan stage. There
was a delightful bit of involun-
tary large in the scene between Mlle.
de Marmont and Marion when the
latter was trying to palm herself off as
Janovervieve. "Play me one of Shapane's
Chapin's reverses," said Marion. "The
one you used to play." "Four Marion!"
cried Marion. "You are an impostor!"
And she showed us one of those what
a really admirable actress she is. In the
second act she scored a veritable
triumph, by her natural, sense-like
methods. No woman on the stage to-
day could have made as much of so
characterful a part. Mlle. de Hale
above her associates. The cast con-
tained clever people of all their class-
ment. Mr. Wheelock ruined the role of
Joan Maras by the antiquity of his
method. In the agony his favorite idea
was to wobble his head, was his arms
and keep his legs closely together. Miss
Katie Shannon was superb as La Saint-
erelle—a Frenchwoman is never vulgar
and Miss Eleanor Carey occasioned an
outburst of mirth by suddenly changing
her impassioned tones to those of a
fisherwoman. Her "Get up!" was a
marvel.

And what shall be said of the whole-
sally massacre of the French language?
Why, produce plays with French ex-
pressions, if possibly can be found to
guide the unfortunate actors and ac-
tresses through the labyrinth of pro-
nunciation. "The City of Pleasure" is
stupidly, and quite unworthy of the
metropolis. It is also coarse, inhuman
and maddening. It isn't even a per-
fectly good play. The title shall be
wondered at it as an inconspicuously
ridiculous. It is a play to be avoided
by its patrons, which would stick in
their skulls. In the favor of new pro-
ductions, I have to say that it is a
disappointment. Even Miss Oles—an actress
whom it is a privilege to watch—can-
not save it.

AS TO THE AMERICA'S CUP.

The Valkyrie has a small
dog, and a mascot.

A mascot in the shape of a
dog, and a mascot.

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